But tell me girle, when went (and there ſhee ſtaide,
Till after a deepe grone) TARQVIN from hence,
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus farre can diſpence:
My ſelfe was ſtirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I roſe was TARQVIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be ſo bold,
Shee would requeſt to know your heauineſſe:
(O peace quoth LVCRECE) if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſſe:
For more it is, then I can well expreſſe,
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
VVhen more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet ſaue that labour, for I haue them heare,
(VVhat ſhould I ſay) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
Bid him with ſpeede prepare to carrie it,
The cauſe craues haſt, and it will ſoone be writ.

Her